Restrained

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by KagomeBenihime

Summary

As Will is being transported to his trial, the transport is attacked and he is knocked out. When he wakes up, Hannibal is there, and he's not taking no for an answer.

Will was silent as the straight jacket was tightened, he was silent as the bite mask was strapped on, and he was silent as he was locked onto the hand trolly so they could wheel him out.

"This seems extensive…" he heard someone whisper, "all this for one omega?"

"That omega is the Chesapeake Ripper!" Another hissed back.

Will ignored them, his steely eyes straight ahead as they wheeled him out to the prison wagon.

Will was loaded in and locked in the prisoner cage, the guards sat around him, gripping their tranquilizer guns tightly in case they had to neutralize him.

The transport started off down the road, Will remaining silent as they went.

Suddenly, the drivers side window shattered and the driver slumped over, blood pouring from his temple.

The guards scrambled, trying to regain control of the transport, find who was shooting, and secure the prisoner.

Another shot and a guard slumped into the driver's lap as the transport veered dangerously, Will, who was still restrained in the straight jacket, couldn't brace and was being tossed around the prisoner cage like a bouncy ball.

The transport went off the road, crashing into a ditch and Will slammed into the wall of the cage.

Dazed, Will blearily saw someone throw open the doors, shoot the remaining living guards and turn to Will.

The dark figure bent, picking up one of the guards guns, and aimed it at Will.

"W-wai-" Will tried, but the dart hit him before he could finish and the world slipped away.

"-Special Agent Will Graham has been exonerated."

Will heard Jack's voice from what felt like a long ways away.

"He was kidnapped early yesterday and the /real/ Chesapeake Ripper has claimed responsibility."

Will struggled to pull himself out of the haze, realizing he was still in the straight jacket and bite mask, laying on a plush couch in a large room he didn't recognize.

"Hello, Will."

Will stiffened, he knew that voice… turning slowly, Will saw Hannibal Lecter smiling pleasantly at him.

"Doctor Lecter…" Will growled softly.

Hannibal sighed softly, "So formal, Will…" he moved forward and knelt beside the couch, "I thought we were closer than that."

Will glared at the alpha, at the Chesapeake Ripper, the man who had betrayed Will's trust in him, and destroyed his life.

Momentarily forgetting, Will struggled and snarled, trying to attack the man he had thought was his friend!

Hannibal smiled again, almost indulgently, as if watching a child misbehaving, "Now Will, you shouldn't tire yourself out, you have had a trying time after all."

"I'll kill you!" Will cried, "You ruined my life!"

Hannibal just waited, watching until Will stilled again, panting softly, "Are you finished?" He asked, again, like a parent to a misbehaving child.

Will snarled weakly, "Go to hell…"

Hannibal frowned slightly, "Rather rude, Will."

Will scoffed, "What? Are you going to eat me?" He challenged, knowing Hannibal would either kill him and eat him, or try something else to ruin Will’s life, either way, the tracking chip in the straight jacket should-

Hannibal's hand was suddenly around Will’s neck, cutting off his air as he stared down at him, his eyes glowing a bloody alpha red.

Will gasped weakly, his energy spent from his earlier struggles, he couldn't get free.

Hannibal growled softly, "You should know by now, Will… I have little tolerance for rudeness."

Will whimpered softly, spots dancing in the corners of his vision.

Hannibal released him and Will gasped, choking softly on the sudden rush of alpha scent laden air, shocked at the sudden rush of slick, "W-wha-"

Hannibal smiled gently, "Feel that, Will?"

"What did you do?!" Will growled, though there wasn't nearly enough force behind it, his mind racing frantically.

Hannibal cocked his head slightly, "You really think that tranquilizer lasted a day and a half?"

Will's eyes widened, "You… you neutralized the suppressants… you-"

Hannibal growled softly, leaning closer, "Yes." He whispered softly, "Now, nothing is going to stop me."

Will tried to struggle away, but Hannibal grabbed the back of the straight jacket, pinning Will face down on the couch and ripping the lower half of the prison jumpsuit away.

Will wanted to yell, wanted to scream and thrash and kick, bite, run… but all he managed was a soft whine, wiggling weakly to try and get away, a sharp growl from the alpha above him had him limp and shaking.

"H-Hannibal… please… don't-" He cut off with a cry as Hannibal's fingers thrust into his dripping hole.

"Not this time, Will…" Hannibal growled against his ear, "This time… I will take what is mine."

Will whimpered, he was getting hazy, the smell of alpha around him getting stronger with the urge to mate, the urge to breed.

Hannibal removed his fingers and instantly slammed into his omega 'HIS' with a snarl.

Will yowled at the sudden fullness, Hannibal was HUGE! "N-no…" Will managed softly, "please-" Before he could say more, Hannibal's teeth sank into his scent gland.

Will moaned, the bite flooding his system with Dopamine and Phenylethylamine his head spun as his mindset began to shift, every touch, every breath against his skin, everything was heightened.

The tightness of the straight jacket, the hot blood on his neck, the cock filling him up, so much… so good…!

"Alpha!" Will cried out, gasping as his body began to move, trying to fuck himself on Hannibal's cock.

Hannibal chuckled softly, "There we are…" he said softly, removing the bite mask and nosing at Will's jaw. "my omega… you'll be good for me, won't you…"

Will nodded quickly, anything to keep Hannibal fucking him. It took him a moment to realize he was chanting, "Please, please, alpha, please" weakly.

Hannibal released the straight jacket collar and gripped Will's hips tightly, slamming into him rougher than before.

Will bit into the couch cushion to keep from screaming as his body lit up with fireworks of sensation, tightening his muscles and making his eyes roll.

Hannibal snarled, his fingers digging into Will's hips, leaving bruises for sure as he began biting along Will's neck, ears, and licking along the mate bite as he fucked Will into the

couch, the poor settee's legs grinding and scraping on the hardwood.

Will’s mind was fading, too much sensation… too much… too…

When Will opened his eyes again, he was met with Hannibal's sleeping face.

Will wanted nothing more than to strangle the alpha right then and there… but he couldn't… not now he was mated…

"Good morning." Hannibal murmured.

Will looked at him again, frowning, "Why?" He asked softly.

Hannibal sat up, pulling Will up with him, "Come…" he said soothingly, "Someone is waiting to see you."

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